and in the most exact regard, support the worshippes of their name, O most small fault, how vgly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, & added to the gall; ô *Lear*, *Lear*! beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My Lord, I am guiltlesse as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be so my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddesse, suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend to make this creature fruitefull, into her wombe conuey sterility, dry vp in her the Organs of encrease, and from her derogate body neuer spring a babe to honor her; if she must teem, create her childe of spleen, that it may liue and be a thourt disuetur'd torment to her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feele, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to haue a thanklesse childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my man-hood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curse, peruse euery sence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cause againe, ile plucke you out, and you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kinde and comfortable, when she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l fley thy woluish visage, thou shalt finde that ile resume the shape, which thou doest thinke I haue cast off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee. *Exit.*

Gon. Do you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot be so partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you.

Gon.

Gon. Come sir, no mor
master.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, N
a fox when one has caug
to the slaughter, if my
lowes after.

Gon. What *Oswald*, h
Oswald. Heere Mada
Gon. What, haue you
Osw. Yes Madam.
Gon. Take you some
full of my particular fea
owne, as may compact
turne——now my L
yours though I dislike
lapt want of wisedome
Duke. How farre yo
Striuing to better ough
Gon. Nay then——
Duke. Well, well, the

Ente

Lear. Go you befor
my daughter no furthe
from her demand out
die, I shall be there be
Kent. I will not slee
ter.
Foole. If a mans brai
of kybes?
Foole. Then I prethe
Lear. Ha, ha, ha.
Foole. Shalt see thy
though she is as like th
what I can tell.
Lear. Why what can
Foole. Shee'l taste

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C3